

## THE OCALA BANNER



Your flag and my flag, and how it flies today;  
In your land and my land and half the world away;  
Rose red and blood red its stripes forever gleam;  
Snow white and soul white, the good forefathers' dream;  
Sky blue and true blue, with stars that gleam bright;  
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag, and oh, how much it holds!  
Your land and my land secure within its folds;  
Your heart and my heart beat quick, at the sight;  
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, the red and blue and white;  
The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you;  
Glorified all else beside, the red and white and blue.

FRANK HARRIS, Editor  
P. V. Leavengood, Business Manager

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year.....\$1.00  
Six months......50  
Three months......30

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1909

## A WORD TO HOME-SEEKERS

A careful reading of the list of premiums won at the recent Marion County Fair, as shown in today's issue, is sufficient evidence of the wide range of regular productions.

This is a proven field for general farming and live stock, but we have the advantage also of producing many of the high priced specialties. The list, however, does not show a large number of spring crops, some of which—cantaloupes, for instance—are very important.

The corn exhibit, filling tight the tables and shelves in a space 40x60 feet, and the live stock, covering more than 200 animals, were a surprise to home folks.

The mule and horse colt show evidences Marion's position in Florida to be in a class by itself. Success here is certain to follow well directed effort and the call is loud for more men fitted by nature and with funds to develop our responsive soil.

We want new settlers, and we want them to make money and be satisfied.

The county is large, and even in Marion there are bad localities. Therefore, personal inspection and discrimination are advised. We want none to deceive themselves by reading highly painted pictures here or elsewhere. The truth is good enough. Come and see; pick the best, and many good things are in store for you.

We suppose that as long as the world lasts there will be doubters, as Thomas was, but there are obviously two things in the Bible against which no Thomas will be found to shake his head in doubt. One is that it is a waste of time and good material to cast pearls before swine. The second is that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin. There is still another thing that, although not in the Bible, is just as true as if it were there. It is: You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Like poets, musicians and artists, gentlemen are born, not made.

The Apalachicola oyster is all right. In fact, it is the finest in the world, notwithstanding the enemies it has made.—Apalachicola Times.

The Times cannot prove it by this paper. It is reaching the "sere and yellow leaf," and it does not know until this day whether an Apalachicola oyster resembles the famous Virginia "blue points" or Crystal River "fats." Of course this paper is not "hintin'."

Editor 'Gene Mathews persists in his opposition to Everglades drainage, even now that Senator Taliaferro has set him the example of a flop and set up claims to being one of the originals. But 'Gene hasn't been sizing up the situation with the view to getting office. He's simply ag'in the scheme on general principles as injudicious, impracticable and as smacking of graft. There are others.—Palatka News.

Now is the time—or perhaps it might be deferred without harm till the busy season of Christmas is passed—for the leading business men of every town in Florida to get together and devise means and put up the money to get one or two nice little canning factories into operation. Such a proceeding would add to the wealth of Florida in exact proportion to the number of factories established.—Tampa Times.

It is whispered that Colonel Bryan is worrying whether he should make prohibition, transmigration, predestination or infant baptism the vital issue this time.—Atlanta Journal.

## BIGGEST INDUSTRY IN FLORIDA

Do the readers of this paper know that Ocala is soon to have the third largest and the best equipped canning factory in the United States?

The fact that this factory has been in the process of erection almost within a stone's throw of this office and no one connected with it knew a word about it shows how rapidly Ocala is growing.

A reporter of this paper had the pleasure of an inspection of this plant yesterday and was astonished at its size and completeness.

Mr. A. W. Braselton, the leading spirit in this enterprise, is so sanguine of success and so enthusiastic that he refused to sell a half interest in it for more than the whole plant cost him. Mr. Braselton is from Atlanta, and has developed the "Atlanta spirit" in its most ardent and stimulating form.

He is the owner of the finest drug store in Atlanta and made it a success by making it the handsomest in the south.

Mr. Braselton has been in Ocala since September, but has been as punctual in superintending the erection and rebuilding of his plant as a clock, and, like a pendulum, has swung only between his hotel and his factory.

Now, that he has it nearly completed, he is telling the people what he has done, for he wants them to know all about it.

Mr. Braselton purchased the plant of the old East Florida ice factory from the Benjamin Bros. He has raised the building six feet, has strengthened its foundations, widened its piazzas and approaches and enlarged the building. He has increased the capacity of the ice plant from ten to thirty tons per day and has supplied it with double engines, double pumps, etc., so as to make a break-down impossible. He has remodeled the storage rooms, put in new freezing pipes, and in doing so has followed the latest and most approved methods. He has storage capacity enough to care for all the meat that is now produced in the county. Besides, he has small family storage departments, with separate lockers, which he thinks when their merits are known will become popular.

But the greatest surprise, and what is destined to do more for Ocala than anything else is his immense canning factory. The machinery and appliances for it filled three cars. There are only two plants in the United States that will exceed it in size and none in completeness of equipment.

The factory has a capacity of canning of 20,000 of 2 or 3-pound cans of tomatoes and 30,000 cans of potatoes or peaches per day.

Mr. Braselton says that his will be the only factory in the United States that has an ice and cold storage plant in connection with it, and this will give him an immense advantage, as he can keep his products indefinitely.

Mr. Braselton and the other members of the corporation are elegant gentlemen and they invite the people of Ocala to visit the plant and ascertain what is expected to be accomplished.

It is decidedly the biggest hit that Ocala has made in many a day, and it is hoped that it will pave the way for the establishment of other industries.

## Florida Grapefruit Best in the World

There is practically no limit to the market for Florida oranges and grapefruit. Florida is the only known section of the world which produces the latter in acceptable quality. It is not pretended to explain why, but it is an established fact, which the markets of the world attest. Only in Florida can be grown the great golden globes, filled with the health-giving juice for which there is no rival, and an added million acres of grapefruit trees would not glut the market to an unprofitable point.

## Giving Away Tallow Trees

A few years ago Mr. E. Moulé of Jacksonville was distributing free seed of the soap berry tree, and now he appears before the public with a number of tallow trees, which he will give to anyone for the asking. It would be hard to imagine what that Frenchman will strike next.—Kissimmee Valley Gazette.

The trees from which these seed are obtained grow in Ocala.

## A Question for Everybody

Every business place has its particular bores. If certain men could know how they are regarded at certain places they would die of shame. They are regarded as bores and talked about in a very brutal manner. Are you adding to the burdens of anyone? Then, in the name of pity, quit it.—Aitchison Globe.

Mayor Jordan of Jacksonville has issued orders closing all amusement places in the city on Sunday. The managers of the local theaters will test the legality of this ordinance.

Jacksonville may lose the ostrich farm if the Sunday closing of places of amusement is enforced.

## THE STORY OF OUR WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT

A glance at the map of the United States tells in so marvelous a manner the story of progress and development that the mind almost halts and the imagination is staggered at the contemplation. It reads almost like one of the Arabian Night's entertainments.

One hundred years ago the population of Ohio was smaller than that of the city of Jacksonville today; the city of Chicago was unborn and the immense scope of territory stretching from that magic city to the Pacific ocean was supposed to be a desert waste, unfit for human habitation, and was so declared by some of our earlier statesmen in the halls of congress.

Add half the number of years to those mentioned and we go back to the period when Canada belonged to France; when Washington was a modest Virginia colonel, and the United States formed a loyal part of the British possessions, and there was no speck on the political horizon to indicate the struggle that in a few years was to lay the foundation of the greatest republic in the world.

One hundred years ago there were no cylinder presses in the United States, nor any other part of the inhabitable globe; there were not as many newspapers printed in the United States as there are in Florida today, and the few that were printed bore no comparison to the newspapers of our times.

It was in 1809 that Fulton received his first patent from the United States for his model for steam navigation, and more than a quarter of a century later before its principles were applied to railway development.

Our palatial sea-going steamships, luxurious Pullman cars, our cylinder presses and daily newspapers, our wire and wireless telegraphs, our phonographs and type-setting machines, our postal service, postal cars, friction matches, breech-loading and hammerless guns, smokeless powder, gas and electric heating and lighting, proto-gravure engraving and printing, kerosene and the safety lamp, burglar proof safes and locks, stem-winding watches, cotton factories, sewing machines, the wonderful array of farm labor-saving machinery, bicycles, automobiles, public libraries and public schools, in anything like the present meaning of these inventions, appliances, devices and institutions, were utterly unknown one hundred years ago.

A century ago the loom and spinning wheel were a part of the family equipment; clothing was carded, spun, woven and made in the household; the printing press was a cumbersome machine, worked by hand, and such familiar things as nails, knives, scissors, shears, razors, steel pens, axes, hoes, shovels, locks, keys, bolts, reinforced concrete, structural steel, and an army of kindred things, so far as being manufactured in this country, were almost, if not totally, unknown or at best, were in their very infancy.

There were not as many postoffices in the United States one hundred years ago as there are now in Florida; cheap postage was not one of the enjoyments, and had anyone suggested the remotest possibility of transmitting messages on wires or on the currents of the air, talking to a man a thousand miles away and recognizing his voice, reproducing his speech, or traveling at a speed of sixty or more miles an hour, he would have been regarded as a fit subject for the lunatic asylum.

Marvelous, indeed, have been the inventions of the past century, and to it have been allotted more serviceable improvements in their bearing upon the happiness and comfort of mankind than to any other, and, perhaps, all other centuries combined that have elapsed since the creation of the world.

This paper is issued from the oldest town in the United States. It was founded before New York, Boston or Philadelphia. It is located in a state famed for its soft, salubrious climate; its fertile, generous soil, which makes quick response to the slightest touch, yet it has seen the "star of empire" sweep towards the setting sun until all the region of country between the two oceans have become populated, and great cities have sprung into existence from Boston to San Francisco; until a "new discoverer" came, holding in his hand a magic wand, we had made but slow progress.

Several causes contributed to this end. There were our Indian wars, slavery, the civil war, reconstruction and a general and widespread misinformation.

But the tide is now turned. The south is in the limelight, and all eyes are turned in this direction. This section is now being sought as an El Dorado.

The extension of the Florida East Coast railway to Key West, and other forces and factors, are advertising Florida to the world, and men of affairs are flocking here in numbers, and our vast storehouse of treasure cannot always remain hidden.

And what do our discoverers find? Forests of oak, pine, bay, liveoak and hickory; beautiful bays, inlets,

springs, rivers and lakes, abounding in fish of every size and flavor; fields of cotton, corn, tobacco, rice, rye, oats and potatoes; gardens of every known vegetable; groves of oranges, grapefruit, limes, guavas, pineapples, bananas, avocados, and other luscious semi-tropical fruits; roses, jessamines, honeysuckles, hyacinths, japonicas, hibiscus, poinsettias, magnolias, and other rare and exquisite flowers; birds of every plumage and of every song; gushing health-giving and health-renewing fountains; green peas, strawberries and tomatoes in January, and watermelons and cantaloupes in December; the face of the country inviting and undulating as the waves of the ocean; fortunes in lumber, naval stores and turpentine; immense deposits of phosphate, lime, Fuller's earth, kaolin, and other rich materials; but why continue, when those who come exclaim, like the Queen of Sheba, after visiting King Solomon: "The half cannot be told."

The rapid peopling of the east coast but foretells the story. The people of all lands, following the example of Mr. Flagler, will flock to Florida to enjoy its luxuries and its beauties, to breathe its ozone and perfume-laden and health-restoring atmosphere, to enjoy its nights of compelling slumber, and will exclaim, in the language of Lord Byron:

"Oh, Christ, it is a Godly sight to see  
What heaven has done for this delicious land,  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand."  
—Frank Harris, in St. Augustine Record.

## FLORIDA IS BETTER

We all remember the rush to Cuba, beginning about ten years ago, by Americans who were going to achieve speedy fortunes in the production of vegetables and fruits. Two prominent citizens of the east coast of Florida, who have recently made an inspection tour of Cuba in a search of information relative to citrus fruit and pineapple culture tell why the rush has ceased and the return wave arrived back in the states. There's no money in it for the enterprising American. These gentlemen gave the details of their observations in a very convincing way, and are not only satisfied themselves that Florida is much superior to Cuba, but mention that about all the Americans who have experimented on the island feel the same way about it.

It is necessary to use much fertilizer on the best soil in Cuba to produce good crops of good fruit, and the trees are subject to more enemies than in Florida. Persistent grasses make much more work and trouble, and consequently cost, and there is an ant which eats a tree to death in two or three days. The conditions under which citrus fruit must get to market are not favorable. Grapefruit can be produced of a good quality, but there is no market for it in Cuba.

In the production of vegetables the American planter has passed out of Cuba as a factor. In this line, as well as in pineapples, the stuff must be produced near Havana in order to get to market in time and at a cost that will permit a profit. A few years ago Americans controlled almost the whole of the Guinea valley, and Tampa men engaged there were heard to say that fortunes were sure. But somehow the fortunes did not materialize, and there is today not an American farmer in the Guinea valley. Besides the natural obstacles, these explorers say, the American is compelled to face an unfriendly feeling on the part of the native people, who will charge him more for their work and their produce than they charge their own people. There seems to be an organized understanding to quietly and inoffensively make it unprofitable for him to live in that country.

As the Times has constantly maintained, there is no reason in the world why a Florida farmer or fruit grower should go to Cuba or any other place to try to make larger crops, get higher prices, or make more profits than he can do right here at home.—Tampa Times.

## Stuck in the Mud

The agricultural northwest is right now in a pitiable condition. The other day copious rains—that properly belonged to Florida—fell all over several states, and made a blanket of mud about two feet deep, where it was undisturbed, and from three to seven where it was churned up by hoofs and wheels. Straightway upon this descended a blanket of snow from one to three feet deep, which prevents the ground from freezing under the snow. And there is the northwestern farmer stuck in his own mud, unable to get to town, in danger on his way to his barn and woodpile, and in a mighty bad fix generally. Extend your sympathy and an invitation to migrate to Florida to all of the unfortunate you happen to know.—Tampa Times.

A Russian says that women of today wear too much clothing. This is what every man knows.

## TO INTENDING IMMIGRANTS

Man is a social being and the greatest pleasures that he extracts from life are those he finds in commingling with his fellows; so, naturally, there is always a disinclination to leave the old environments—to forsake the old homestead—around which cluster so many sweet associations and make a home among entirely different surroundings and begin life over again.

This feeling is stronger among women than among men, because social ties are more binding on them.

In going to a new country the female members of the household are necessarily anxious to know how they will be received and what will be their status among a new and strange people.

From a residence in this county of more than forty years the writer can truthfully say that the intending immigrant, whether man or woman, need have no fear of social ostracism.

This county is cosmopolitan in its make-up and the right hand of fellowship is cordially extended to everyone regardless of his previous whereabouts, and if he "makes good" he need have no fear of his status or standing here.

In confirming this assertion it may be well to state that our retiring mayor was born in New York state, the president of our city council is a German by birth and came here from the state of Michigan; the chairman of our board of county commissioners is from Scotland; the chairman of our board of public instruction is from Iowa; one of the members of our legislature is from Pennsylvania; our state's attorney for this district is from Ohio; one of our principal bankers is a New Yorker—and so the story runs.

At our late Marion County Fair the white and negro exhibits were displayed in the same building, only an imaginary line separating them, and one of the negro exhibitors had a collective exhibit of fifty-three different farm products and was awarded the third highest prize.

This is mentioned merely to show that there is no hostile feeling between the races, and in an endeavor to better his condition the negro as is everyone else, is encouraged.

The helping hand is not denied to anyone.

Some of our most successful farmers are from the eastern, middle and western states, and they are as enthusiastic over the productiveness and possibilities of farm life in this county as the native born citizen and some even more so.

We have good roads leading out from the county site in all directions and every year they are extended so in time they will ramify all sections of the county thus making farm life more pleasant and desirable.

Every community in the county is provided with schools and churches and religion, education and morals are promoted in every possible way. We endeavor to be a law abiding and law respecting people and our court records show that we can at least measure up to an average.

Farming is being more and more prosecuted along scientific lines. The most modern and approved methods are called into requisition, and in consequence the farm yield is becoming

greater and farming less a drudge and more and more a pleasure.

Men of means are locating their surplus earnings in farm lands and farming lands fair soon to become one of our most profitable industries.

Our advice to those who want to better their condition is to investigate conditions here and the comparison is made while lands are yet plentiful and cheap, and they have not a large area from which to make selection.

Our health is good and our climate is salubrious and the conditions are unquestioned that the hands are good and the number of seasons that can be grown almost unlimited.

Why waste one's life in a cold and frigid zone where the soil is unfruitful, or in the stifling air of the factory, when a home in a mild and salubrious climate can be so easily procured?

In order to better their condition our ancestors faced the rigors of a severe climate and all unthinkingly and come from the aborigines.

Here a generous hospitality in a balmy climate awaits you.

Why not take advantage of this opportunity?—Frank Harris, in Florida Fruit and Truck Grower.

## MILLINERY

In our store you will always find a complete line of Millinery, Ribbons, Laces, etc. Our prices are as low as cost with high class goods. Call on us when in need of anything in our line.

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